

The Mirror

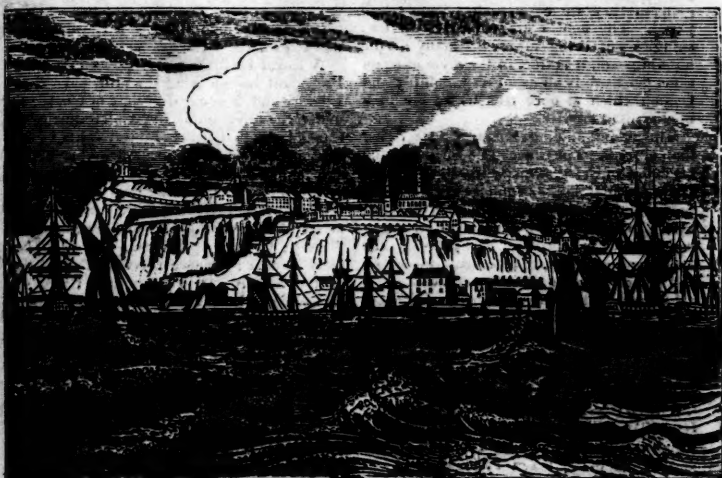
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 890.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1837.

[Price 2d.]

British Colonies:



QUEBEC, LOWER CANADA.

QUEBEC possesses an historical interest, to which no other city in the Western World has a similar claim. It need scarcely be added that before its proud citadel are the celebrated plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fought, conquered, and died, "with his glory around him."

The city of Quebec, the capital of Lower Canada, and the Gibraltar of America, stands on the extremity of a precipitous cape, in latitude $46^{\circ} 54' N.$, longitude $71^{\circ} 5' W.$, on the St. Lawrence, which, five miles below, is divided by the Island of Orleans into two channels, each about a mile broad. Immediately opposite Quebec, where the river makes a sudden bend, it is little more than half a mile broad, but the depth of the water is about 25 fathoms. Between this and the Island of Orleans is formed the splendid basin of Quebec, somewhat more than five miles long, and about four broad in the widest part. On sailing up the river, we see nothing of the city until we are nearly in a line between the west point of Orleans and Point Levi. Quebec, and its surrounding sublimities, then burst suddenly into the vast landscape; and the grandeur of the first view of the city is a magically impressive picture.

"An abrupt promontory, 350 feet high, VOL. XXIX.

crowned with an impregnable citadel, and surrounded by strong battlements; on which the British banners daily wave,—the bright steeples of the cathedral and churches,—the vice-regal chateau, hanging over the precipice,—the house-tops of the upper town,—the houses, wharfs, *hangards*, or warehouses, &c., of the lower,—a fleet of ships at Wolfe's Cove, and others at the wharfs,—steamers,—multitudes of boats,—several ships on the stocks,—the white sheet of the cataract of Montmorency tumbling into the St. Lawrence over a ledge 220 feet high,—the churches, houses, fields, and woods of Beauport and Charlebourg,—mountains in the distance,—the high grounds, church, and houses of St. Joseph, some Indian wigwams near Point Levi, with some of their bark canoes on the water, and vast masses of timber descending on the river from the upper country,—may impart to the fancy some idea of the view unfolded to the spectator who sails up the St. Lawrence, when he first beholds the metropolis of the British empire in America."

On landing at Quebec, and ascending from the lower to the upper town, we pass through

* "British America. By John McGregor, Esq. vol. ii. p. 474.

narrow, old streets. The lower town is the seat of activity and commerce, where are the Custom House and Exchange Reading-room. Most of the ships anchor above the town at Wolfe Cove.

On arriving in the upper town from the lower, we find ourselves in a very different place; the streets are rather narrow; but, in general, they are clean, and tolerably well paved. The houses are covered with tin; shingles not being allowed. Many of the buildings are, it is true, in the style of olden time, yet there is an air of respectability and fashion which at once tells us we are in a metropolitan city.

The public buildings are substantial rather than elegant. The Château de St. Louis, the residence of the governor-general, is a huge, plain, baronial building, projecting over the precipice of Cape Diamond, here 300 feet high; in front of the Château is an esplanade. Nearly opposite the gates is the Protestant cathedral, with a beautiful spire; and near it stands the Court-house. The old palace of the former bishops of Quebec, standing nearly over the gate leading from the lower town, is now the Parliament House of Canada. As a building, it is certainly much more imposing than was our old House of Commons. Near this spot is the site of the magnificent palace of the Intendant-General, or Civil Governor of New France, which was destroyed by Sir Guy Carleton, to prevent its being taken by General Montgomery, in 1755.

The Catholic cathedral is a huge edifice, with a heavy dome and spire; and its interior exhibits much of the imposing grandeur of the Romish churches: the bishop and sometimes fifty priests officiate here. In the city are several other Catholic churches, one in the lower town, and another in the suburb of St. Roch.

There are three nunneries at Quebec; two of which are hospitals. The nuns of Canada are not the useless beings that they may be imagined. Although they have retired from the open world, yet, as nurses to the sick admitted within their walls, or as the instructors of young girls, they are of much benefit to society. They also manufacture beautiful work-boxes, reticules, and some other articles, which they sell for the benefit of their respective convents.

Next is the strong, quadrangular building which was formerly the College of the Jesuits, and was, when occupied by them, the most spacious building in America.* The British government converted this edifice into barracks. In front is an open space, in the middle of which stands the market, an ill-constructed, wooden building, though it cost from 6,000*l.* to 8,000*l.*

* Founded in 1635, by Pere Reni Rouhalt. It will, it is said, contain 2,000 troops.

The public institutions of Quebec are numerous. The French college is a substantial, old building, with a garden attached. It has a principal and three professors; one each, for theology, rhetoric, and for mathematics and physics, and five regents of the humanity classes. Besides several minor French and English schools, and some Sunday schools, there is a National school on a liberal foundation; likewise a Royal Grammar-school, and a classical academy.

A Royal Institution also exists here; the Protestant bishop being the principal. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec is under the direction of the Chief Justice of Canada. The Quebec Library contains an extensive collection of standard works. There are four respectable newspapers published within the city. "Neither does Quebec want benevolent and useful associations. The principal of these are—the Quebec Emigrant Society; Quebec Agricultural Society; Medical Society; Quebec Diocesan Committee of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge; Ladies' Society for Propagating Education and Industry in Canada; Ladies' Bible Society; Bible and Tract Society; Quebec Education Society, and the Fire Society. Besides the Bank of Quebec, and a branch of the Montreal Bank, there is also a Savings' Bank.

"There are two or three distilleries, breweries, tobacco, soap, and candle manufactories. Several beautiful ships have been for many years built here; and we find such tradesmen as are usual in a city, but not all those of a manufacturing town. Here are brewers, distillers, carpenters, joiners, carriage-builders, smiths, saddlers, tanners, barbers, tailors, shoemakers, mill and wheelwrights, upholsterers, and those more important personages, players, fiddlers, dancing-masters, and tavern-keepers.

"A great proportion of the British and other goods imported, are sold by auction; the Canadian shopkeepers, who seldom import goods from other countries, prefer buying their goods at public sales than by private bargains. Some of the shops are fitted up in a way which the Cockneys would call rather *stylish*; but like the shops all over America, you find in most of them every variety of goods sold in the country: silks, lace, muslins, ribbons, crockery ware, and ironmongery; broad cloths and cutlery; saddles, and looking-glasses; spikes, nails, and spades; needles, thimbles, and pins.

"What will ever render Quebec a position of the first and most mighty consideration to England, or to any power holding possession of the empire of the Canadas, and which fully justifies even the enormous outlays expended on its fortification is its particular situation, and the extraordinary natural features of the spot on which it is founded. It

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is now absolutely impossible for a ship of any size to pass either up or down contrary to the permission of those who possess its garrison. Very large ships cannot go up to Montreal; nor are there any intermediate places of great, commercial importance.

"The citadel of Quebec, on the highest part of Cape Diamond, is a fortification not inferior to any in Europe, and commands every surrounding position. The old French walls were remarkably strong, but they have been nearly all destroyed on the land side, and replaced with others if possible still stronger, and constructed according to the more modern rules of defence. There are five gates, strongly defended, in the walls which surround the city, viz. St. Louis' Gate, St. John's Gate, Palace Gate, Hope Gate, and Prescott Gate, through which we ascend from the lower to the upper town. The armory of Quebec is well worth visiting and examining. It is only inferior to that of the Tower of London."

The population of Quebec and its suburbs is estimated at 30,000 souls; more than two-thirds of the number being Canadian French. The English and Canadians do not generally mix together, partly from the English having formerly assumed an arrogant superiority over the French. The Canadian gentry all over the province, consisting chiefly of the noblesse and gentry, or their descendants, retain the courteous urbanity of the French school of the last century. They speak French as purely as it is spoken at Paris; and many of them also speak English fluently.

In Quebec, there are few amusements during summer. Active pursuits occupy all classes. Short excursions on the water, or picnic parties to Indian Lorette, Lake St. Charles, or the Falls of Chaudiere, are occasionally made; and sometimes excursions are extended to Kamouraska, or up to Montreal, or as far as the Falls of Niagara. On the plain of Abraham is an excellent race-course. "In winter, when all the world at Quebec is idle, and when the navigation of Canada and trade of Quebec are bound in icy fetters, balls at the Chateau, assemblies in the town, *pic-nics*, and family parties are frequent. The inhabitants dress in summer as lightly as in Jamaica; and in winter, both gentlemen and ladies require to be as well protected with muffs, tippets, fur cape, and robes, as if they were in St. Petersburg. Quebec may truly be said to have an Italian summer, and a Russian winter. Nothing can be more grotesque than the figures that drive out in carriages or sledges, either on the ice to Isle Orleans, or on the snow-

covered roads. On the ice these rides are pleasant enough; but the roads are generally in such an uneven state with *cachots*, (waves made in the snow by the low carriages,) that the sledges pitch something like a boat in a head sea. The ice is seldom firm between Quebec and Point Levi; and, notwithstanding the intense frost, the "habitans" cross in wooden canoes, hauling or pushing them forward, among the cakes of ice. When the ice does form, it is called a *pont*, and a kind of jubilee takes place on the occasion; but this does not happen once in ten years."

Living at Quebec is very expensive: this does not arise either from the scarcity or high prices of articles of necessity or luxury, but from the extravagant habits of society there. Strangers meet with the most hospitable attention from those to whom they may be introduced; as is, indeed, the case all over Canada. But, there is an affectation for visiting the Chateau, which leads to ridiculous *dicta* of exclusion.

"The market, or rather the open space that surrounds it, is the place to see all the varied characteristics of the population of Quebec and its environs. In summer and autumn multitudes of horses and carts, with hay, wood, butchers' meat, fowls, heaps of wild pigeons, vegetables, fruits, flowers, &c., appear early in the morning, attended by the wives and daughters of the *habitans*, and a few squaws, in small carts, from Indian Lorette. Amidst these, we observe the officers of the civil government and those of the garrison, with the gentlemen of the learned professions, and the merchants, all scrambling for the luxuries of the market; and, thickly mixed among the thronged carts and horses, the noisy, half-brutal carters of the town, with their wives and daughters, together with the *canaille* of the suburbs of St. Roch. The brawling and vociferation in bad French, and broken English, that takes place, might well conjure up the confused spirits of old Babel. In winter, sledges bring in hay, grain, frozen carcasses of beef, pork, mutton, and whatever comes to market. Every article of luxury, except good fish, is abundant. The fish most esteemed is the *poisson d'oree*, a kind of pickerel, but it is rare. Shad and salmon are sometimes plentiful, and a fish called after the river in which it is caught, *Masquingou*, a species of pike, with a long, hooked snout, is excellent eating. Bass, sturgeon, eels, and petite morue, are also brought to market, but cod seldom, unless Jonathan bring them across the country from the Atlantic."

The prefired view of Quebec is taken from the Harbour. The grandeur of the view from the citadel of Cape Diamond is considered by Mr. McGregor to exceed in magnificence the celebrated prospects from

* Upon this plain is an obelisk of appropriate grandeur, to the "Immortal Memory of Wolfe and Montcalm," the latter, the French general at the siege in which Wolfe was killed.

the castles of Edinburgh or Stirling. Looking down the St. Lawrence, you have before you from forty to fifty miles of one of the largest rivers in the world, with tall ships, small vessels, and boats on its surface, and divided for twenty miles by the Island of Orleans, studded with interesting beauties. "At the same time," says Mr. McGregor, "the southern coast presents villages, churches, cottages, farms, forests, and mountains, in the distant outline. If we turn to the north and east, we have a vast amphitheatre, embosomed within lofty mountains, and enriched and animated by the villages and churches of Beauport, Charlebourg, and Lorrette, with the vale of the River St. Charles, and a country decked with clumps of wood and richly cultivated farms. If we look below, we behold, some hundreds of feet underneath us, the lower town, with all its active accompaniments, and with crowds of ships at anchor in the cove, alongside the wharfs, and under sail. Opposite stands Point Levi and a populous country. Upwards, the view, although not extensive, is still grand. The country is bold and romantic, yet cultivated and populous; and the river exhibits the unceasing movements of steam-boats, sailing vessels, small boats, Indian canoes, and rafts of timber floating down the stream, and covered with men, women, children, and huts."

Mr. McGregor considers that nothing but a *panorama* picture can give those who have not beheld the view from Cape Diamond, a full idea of its magnificence. He then suggests that it would remunerate artists "who have excelled in the enchanting delusions exhibited in panorama views, if they were to cross the Atlantic, and bring back to Europe a representation of that which is beheld from the citadel of Cape Diamond." Surely, our excellent panorama painter, Mr. Burford, accomplished this a few years since on his acres of canvass, in Leicester Square, or in the Strand.

In the preceding columns, we have availed ourselves of Mr. McGregor's admirable work, already referred to, for the substance of the details of the very interesting and important subject of our Engraving.

CHURCH CURIOSITIES.

(To the Editor.)

In a recent excursion into Warwickshire, I explored Brailes and Compton in search of Curiosities, and gleaned the following particulars.

Brailes, a considerable village on the road from Banbury to Shipston, is proverbial for its noble tower and "loud cymbals." On these far-famed bells are the following inscriptions:—

1. I am here, for Richard Pyrdi made mee. Anno

Domini 1694. R. P. (Arms of England and Wales.) C. P.

2. In multis annis resonet campana Johannis.*

3. Thomas Tarver and Thomas Wills, Churchwardens, 1783.—John Clark, Zachæus Richardson, Matthew Bayley made me.

4. I'me not the bell I was, but quite another; I'me now as rife and sound as merry George my brother.

1665. Rich. Keane me fecit. Nathaniel Hill, William Poell, C.W.

5. I'll crack no more, now ring your fill;

Merry George I was and will be still;

1671. R. K. John Okaley, Richard Capell, C.W.

6. Gaude quod doct. adm. scandis

Ut obt. honor tibi grandis. In Cœli palatio.†

Compton Vineyard was anciently distinguished from other towns by the addition of the vineyard, (Compton at the Vineyard,) at which place is a very noble house, built by Sir William Compton in the reign of our eighth Henry. The greatest part of the brick used in the structure of this house is said to have been brought from Fulbroke, in the same county; where there stood a ruinous castle, of which Sir William had the custody. Tradition says, that the materials were brought hither on the backs of asses.

The mansion contains sixty-six rooms, two hundred and four windows, twenty-six closets, a hall and a chapel. In the hall is an elegantly carved screen, which well deserves the attention of the antiquary. In the chapel was erected a costly window towards the east, and therein represented with rare workmanship in glass, the passion of our blessed Saviour; and, in the lower part, Sir William and his lady, kneeling in their surcoats of arms.† Some of the rooms are very spacious, and retain much of their original splendour. In the ceiling of the royal apartment are these initials, H.R. E.R. I.R. C.R., in four compartments, with the rose and thistle, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, &c. Another room is decorated with the family arms—motto, *Je ne serche qu'un y*—surrounded by cherubim, all in fine preservation.

AN OLD COLLECTOR.

THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS.

[THE following account of the cave of Trophonius is given by Faber, in his *Treatise on the Mysteries of the Cabiri*:—]

Porphyry gives a variety of refined remarks upon the olive, which Homer represents as overshadowing the Nymphæan cavern. None of them, however, are in the least degree satisfactory, excepting his observation that suppliants were accustomed to bear olive-branches in their hands; from which they sugured, that the gloom of their

* Thus rendered:—May John's bell sound for many years.

† Thus rendered:—Rejoice that thou art permitted to ascend the seat of good doctrine, that thou mayest obtain great honour in the kingdom of heaven.

‡ Dupdale.

present calamities would be exchanged for light, happiness, and prosperity. Here we have some of the remains of the original matter of fact, though completely misunderstood and perverted by Porphyry. The olive in the mysteries was commemorative of the olive-branch brought back to Noah by the dove; and it was the propitious omen that the patriarch and his family would speedily emerge from the gloom of the ark to the light of day—that they would exchange their confinement for liberty; and that they would each soon be able to exclaim in the language of the mystagogue:—"I have escaped an evil, I have found a better lot." With a similar allusion to the history of the deluge, the priests of Mithras were styled Hierocoraces, or sacred ravens; and the oracular priestesses of Hammon, Peleides, or doves: while, in consequence of the close connexion of the dove and the olive, a particular species of that tree was denominated Columbas.

One of the most celebrated of the Mithratic caverns was that of Trophonius, in Beotia.

Upon the death of Orchomenus, who was Orca Menu, or the Arkite Noah, his kingdom was supposed to have devolved to Clymenus, the grandson of Phrixus. Clymenus was slain by the Thebans, at the festival of the Onchestian, or oceanic Neptune; and he was succeeded by his eldest son Erginus, the father of Trophonius and Agamedes. Trophonius is said to have been nursed by Ceres-Europa; he had a consecrated grove near the city of Orchomenus, and in it a famous, oracular cavern. Upon the bank of the adjacent river, stood a small temple of the nymph Hercyna, who was worshipped in conjunction with him, and who was supposed to have been the companion of Proserpine. Near the river was also a tumulus, said to be the monument of a person called Arcesilaus; and a chapel dedicated to Ceres-Europa. Within the cavern were statues of Trophonius and Hercyna, holding in their hands rods, around which serpents were entwined. Not far from the oracle, was a statue of Jupiter-Pluvius; and, upon the summit of the hill, a temple of Apollo, another of Proserpine and Jupiter, and a third of Juno, Jupiter, and Saturn. The rivulet itself was named Hercyna; and the cavern, which Pausanias informs us was artificial, was so contrived, that the stream flowed out of it. When any person wished to consult the oracle, he was first washed in this consecrated water by two youths, each of whom bore the title of Mercury or Casmilus. He was then directed to drink of the streams of Lethé and Mnemosyné; the first of which removed from his recollection all profane thoughts, and the second enabled him to remember whatever he might see in the

cave. Afterwards, he was dressed in a linen robe, and conducted in solemn procession to the oracle. The mouth of the cavern was shaped like an oven,* being extremely narrow and steep; and the method of descending into it was by means of a small ladder. Arriving at the bottom, the votary found another cave, the entrance into which was yet more straight than that of the former. Here he prostrated himself upon the ground, holding in either hand the offerings to Trophonius, which consisted of cakes mixed with honey. Immediately his feet were seized, and his whole body was drawn into the cavern by the agency of some invisible power. Here he beheld such visions, and heard such voices as seemed best to the tutelary deity of the place. The response being given, he forthwith felt himself conveyed out of the cavern in the same manner as he had been drawn in, his feet in both cases being foremost. As soon as he once more emerged to open day, he was conducted by the officiating priest to the chair of Mnemosyné, and strictly interrogated with respect to what he had seen or heard. Generally speaking, (doubtless through the operation of superstitious terror,) the votary was drawn up in a swoon. In this case, he was carried to the temple of the Good Genius, till he should have come to himself again; after which he was required to write down the answer of the oracle in a book kept specially for that purpose. Pausanias adds, that he gave the account from his own personal knowledge; for that he had had the curiosity to descend himself into the cave, and to consult the god.

From this description of the cavern of Trophonius, it will be sufficiently perceived, without the assistance of a formal enumeration and comparison of particulars, that it was an oracular, Mithratic grotto, which opinion will be confirmed by the fabulous history of Trophonius and Hercyna.

With regard to Trophonius, the whole of his genealogy is purely mythological; both his imaginary descent and his mysterious worship relating entirely to the Heliorkite devotion. In short, he was the same as the infernal or diluvian Mercury; and his title, Trophonius seems to be a corruption of Tora-Phont, the priest of the heifer.

As Trophonius was the solar Noah, so the goddess Hercyna, worshipped in conjunction with him, is Erea-Nah, the Nostic Ark; and the rods which their statues bore, entwined with serpents, point them out to be the same characters as Esculapius and Salus, or the Nostic Sun and the Arkite moon. Hercyna was, in fact, no other than

* From the circumstance of the mouths of the artificial Mithratic grottoes being thus shaped, originated the notion of the more modern Persians, that the waters of the deluge burst forth from the oven of an old woman, called Zala-Cupha.

Ceres-Europa, the allegorical nurse of Trophonius; and, consequently, she was the same as Hippa, Nuse, or Ino, the supposed nurses of Bacchus. Accordingly, Lycophron informs us, that Ennèa, Hercyna, and Erinnus, were all titles of Ceres;* and his commentator Tzetzes observes, that Hercyna was at once an epithet of Ceres, and a name of the daughter of Trophonius. It is of little consequence whether Ceres-Europa-Hercyna-Hippa was esteemed the nurse or the daughter of Trophonius: in either case she will be equally a personification of the Ark.

As for the supposed tomb of the hero Arceilaus, which was thrown up on the bank of the rivulet Hercyna, it may have been merely a high place of Arc-Es-El, the Helio-arkite deity; while the two ministering youths, denominated Mercurii, are evidently the Camilli of the Samothracian mysteries, or the Camilli of the ancient Tuscans.

The cavern of Trophonius, being thus destined for the celebration of the diluvian worship, we should not be surprised to find it situated near the town of Orchomenus, or the arkite Noah, and in Beotia, or the land of the symbolical heifer. W. G. C.

* Ennèa is only a variation of Antè, Ana, Nana, Nana, or Ana.

The Naturalist

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE OAK.

By *Von Ordet*.*

Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends. Behold, in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands:
So simple! and so great! the underwoods
Of meagre rank an awful distance keep.

Is any pleasure can be called bright, beautiful, and lasting, it surely is a love of nature, particularly of the green things that clothe the earth's surface: the contemplation of them gives a tone of health and freshness to the mind, and the cultivation of them vigour to the body. They afford occupation in our youth, and a delightful source of calm enjoyment in our after years. They serve as living and lasting memoranda of our pleasures and our sorrows; and, when the silent hand of Time has "wode away" the companions of our youth and the friends of our manhood, the trees we have planted remain to us in all their increased and increasing loveliness and beauty. It is an absolute duty, that every one should till his paternal patch of ground: the size makes little difference in the pleasure; and the interest taken in this rational and

active enjoyment has a greater tendency to lead the feelings to real and permanent happiness than many persons may imagine. I have taken a fancy to three of our native plants; a tree, a shrub, and a flower: although all the others are either beautiful or interesting, still, more particularly (in part, perhaps, from association), I love these three: the oak, the ivy, and the hare-bell. The two latter being only ornamental, it is of the oak I intend to make some few observations. Of all our forest trees, not one so much deserves the attention of the naturalist and planter as the oak. In every state, from the seedling plant to the last stage of decay, this beautiful and majestic tree solicits admiration from the eye of taste, as well as the less refined calculations of the speculator of profit. Botanists have given two species of the oak, *Quercus Robur* (common British oak), and *Quercus sessiliflora* (sessile-fruited oak); but both species sport in infinite varieties. It has been the opinion of some planters, that the wood of the *sessiliflora* is inferior in quality to the *Robur*; and I am inclined to favour that opinion myself. I think it will be found, on examination, that the wood of the *Robur* is more dense and compact than the *sessiliflora*, and grows into a more noble and majestic tree. Among the mountainous parts of the Welsh borders, the *sessiliflora* grows very plentifully; but I am not aware that I ever saw one grown to a very great size, although I have seen some, to all appearance, of great age. The beauty and utility of the oak appears to have been appreciated by the Druids, from which their appellation is taken: *sero* (oak), Welsh; *darach*, Gaelic; and of which the *llan*, or sacred grove, was chiefly composed. On its branches grew the mystic mistletoe, used at their solemn rites; and, as now, no doubt the mistletoe was more abundant on the crab and hawthorn than on the oak, some peculiar virtue was attributed to the one rather than the other, from the beauty or utility of the tree upon which the parasite grew. This, probably, I may be allowed to infer, as under the patched investiture of ancient mythological rites, we may easily trace a veneration for certain plants and animals that were of service to, or that held an influence over, the moral and physical condition of man. Its utility to our British ancestors must have been very great; for the fruit (however astringent and unpalatable it may be to a modern appetite) formed a portion of their food, and the rifted logs their chief article of firing. It seems to be lord of the soil, and more adapted to our climate than any other denizen of the forest. Unless in the neighbourhood of the sea (a most unhappy situation for any tree), it never shows a "weather side to the storm." When the acorn begins to germinate, the radicle, or what planters term the taproot, very deeply

* In the Magazine of Natural History, No. 3, New Series, conducted by Edward Charlesworth, F. G. S.

strikes into the earth, and anchors itself safely in its place; and this is done long before the stem has risen from the cotyledons, but a comparatively short length, perhaps not one fourth as long as the radicle; as though instinctively aware, in embryo, of the howling storms and beating blasts which, in after-life, its massy arms are doomed to contend with. Planters are aware of this circumstance; and, when the acorns are dibbled in beds, they are generally transplanted after the second year's growth; for, should they remain longer, it is next to impossible to get them up without injury to the taproot; and, if this be done, the plant rarely afterwards thrives well. This is the reason why self-sown trees, particularly the oak, grow better and more freely than those which have been removed. The acorns form the food of some of the gallinaceous birds; and I have commonly observed rooks fly away with them in their bills, and more frequently drop them in their flight, than any other sort of food I have seen them carry, owing, no doubt, to the polished smoothness of the outside capsule; and I have often observed fields freely planted by this means. About the middle of the merry month of May, generally, the gradual expanding of the crimped, yellowish foliage of the oak presents a most refreshing and beautiful feature in our landscape, and gives a richness and mellow relief to the vivid and more dazzling green of the woods; while its extended and twisted arms, thickly curled and matted branchlets, form a dark and harmonious contrast beneath. It does not, as the sycamore and many other trees of rank and lush foliage, burst suddenly into leaf; but, as the season advances, expands to the blessed and balmy gales, deepened in its tint, and more mature in its aspect. The wood, formerly, when much more plentiful, was applied to almost all purposes where wood was wanting for durability and strength, particularly of household furniture and building. Few persons, I think, can look without feelings of admiration and pleasure on the now blackened, but beautifully carved, wainscoting in some of the ancient halls of our baronial ancestors; or see the heavy old oak table, with its massive carved legs and framework, without conjuring up in fancy the great was-sail bowl circulating round it, amid the boisterous mirth and happy hearts of the rude and merry wassailers. The contrast is very great indeed between this sort of furniture and the flimsy and luxurious kickshaws of a modern hall or drawing-room; where everything of native growth, worth, or beauty, is kicked out, to make room for foreign tinsel, or something worse. In some of our old churches may be seen fine specimens of the durability of the oak in the great beams and rafters: they, untouched by the tooth of Time, or the burrowing of the worm, have

stood for ages; have seen creeds change and dynasties alter, and, probably, may see them again and again. But there is one purpose for which the British oak stands alone, unrivalled in the world, the purpose of ship-building. As adapted to this, it has been the boast of our country, and the terror of our foes; lauded in lyric strains, from the ingle side of the humble mud cabin to the princely halls of the noble; and well indeed it is merited.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No castles on the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."

The bark of the oak is of very great value as an article of commerce, from the astringent principle called *tannin*, which it contains in much larger proportion than the bark of any other tree. This ingredient, as is well known, it is, with which the raw hide is saturated in the process of tanning, preserved, and fitted for sale and use. The value of the bark, for the purposes of trade, depends very much on the age; as that which is peeled from the full-grown and healthy tree contains much more of the requisite principle, than either the sapling, or that which is old, gnarled, or decaying. The bark on the healthy growing tree, although rough, rugose, and seamed, is by no means unsightly to look upon; but has a fitness and adaptation, as the external covering of the majestic bulk which it envelopes. And, oh, what a grapple it affords for the ivy, with its smooth, bright, and glinting leaves (for ever green), to creep up the trunk, and enring itself round the barky fingers, and grateful for the protection it receives, deck it in garlands of beauty in the last stage of decay! 723.

Anecdote Gallery.

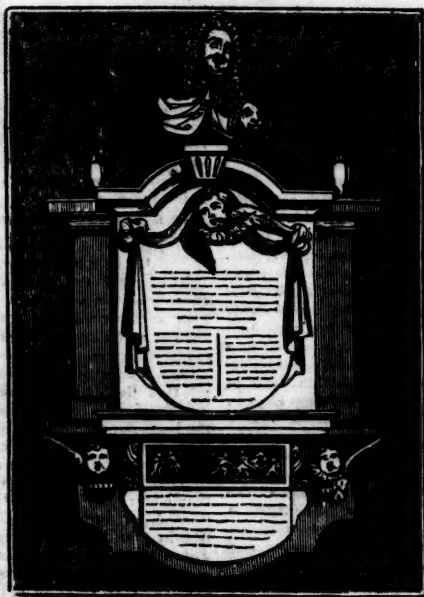
MONUMENT TO SIR EDWARD WYNTER, IN BATTERSEA CHURCH.

BESIDES the monument of the St. John family, described and engraved in vol. xviii. of this Miscellany, is a very singular one to the memory of Sir Edward Wynter, who lived at York House, Battersea. This monument is on the south wall; on the top is his bust of a large size, with whiskers; underneath the inscription, is a basso-relievo representing him in the act of performing the two exploits mentioned in his epitaph which is as follows:—

P. M. S.

Edward Wynter,

Equitis, qui adhuc impuber, ex patriâ profectus in Orientalibus Indis mercatum feliciter exercuit, magnas opes comparavit, majores confaturus si non sperasset. Ibidem splendide vixit, et honorifice. Post annos 42 Angliam revidit. Utrocin duxit Emma filia Rich. Howe armig. Norfolk. Decessit Mar. 20. An. etat. 64. Dni. 1683-6.



(Monument to Sir Edward Wynter, in Battersea Church.)

Posuit merito in thimo de se merito
Uxor maximissima,

Born to be great in fortune as in mind,
 Too great to be within an isle confin'd;
 Young, helpless, friendless, sons unknown he tried;
 But English courage all those wants supplied.
 A pregnant wit, a painful diligence,
 Care to provide, and bounty to dispense;
 Join'd to a soul sincere, plain, open, just,
 Procur'd him friends, and friends procur'd him trust:
 These were his fortune's rise, and thus began
 This hardy youth rais'd to that happy man.
 A rare example, and unknown to the most,
 Where wealth is gain'd, and conscience is not lost:
 Nor less in martial honour was his name,
 Witness his actions of immortal fame:
 Alone, unarm'd, a tyger he oppress'd,
 And crush'd to death the monster of a beast;
 And twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew
 Single on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
 Dispers'd the rest,—what more could Sampson do?
 True to his friends, a terror to his foes,
 Here now in peace his honor'd bones repose!
Vita peregrinatio.

His widow was married the year after his decease to Sir James Fuller, and died in 1710. The monument was restored, after the rebuilding of the church, by his great-grandson, Edward Hampson, Wynter, Esq. On a tablet at the foot of it, are memorials for Mrs. Catharine Wynter, who died 1771; and William Woodstock Wynter, who died 1747; and on each side, the arms of Wynter and Howe.*

* Wynter, bears Sab. a fess. Erm. and impales Arg. a chevron between 3 wolves' heads erased, Sable for Howe.

The Public Journals.

THE DIVER.

Translated from the German of Schiller, by Egerton
Wolke.

"BOLD! into this boiling grave
 A golden cup I cast!
 What, ho! brave hearts! is there knight or knave
 Dares plunge him now in the whirlpool vast?
 Down the black throat the goblet's gone—
 Whose shall save it—it is his own."
 Spoke the king, and from where he stood,
 The goblet he swift did throw,
 From the tow'ring crag that o'erhung the flood
 Into the howling gulf below,
 "What heart so daring? I ask again,—
 What heart so great among all my men?"
 They heard the king—the knights, the knaves,
 Heard—but with arms aloft
 Mutely they glared at the rampart waves,
 And coveted not the drowning gold.
 And again the king:—"This prize to win—
 Is there none," he cried, "that adventures in?"
 And still there was silence on every side:
 When a youth from the ranks among
 Of the cowering vassals stepped in pride,
 And his mantle away and his grille flung:
 And knights and ladies with looks amazed,
 On that youth of a noble aspect gazed.
 And as from the edge of the frowning cape,
 His eyes o'er the deep he threw,
 Charybdis strong, from her horrid lap,
 Flung back the waters foaming new:
 With a noise like thunder they rushing are;
 With a noise like thunder that's heard afar.
 And they bubble and boil, and they hiss and roar,
 As when water with fire hath met;

And flood over flood they plash and pour,
Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.
And still of that tempest no end can be—
For still of a sea is born a sea.

Yet calmer awhile is the sea around :—

'Mid the milk of those billows spent,

Opens a gulf, night-black, profound,

As though to the routs of hell it went.

And a thousand billows have left the morn,

Down that dark, foaming crater borne.

Now, quick, ere the waters shall back be driven,

The youth he hath mutter'd a prayer :

Oh ! a cry of amazement goes up to heaven !—

The whirlpool is seizing—hath seiz'd him !—there,

In its terrible jaws hath it toas'd him o'er ;

And now the brave swimmer can nouse see more.

And the ocean slept to the hollow sound

Of Charybdis' whirling bell :

And from mouth to mouth the word went round,—

" High-hearted youth—alas, farewell !"

And hollower still, and deeper fell

The sound of Charybdis' whirling bell.

And were it thy crown thou throwest in,

And sailest thou,—" Who bringeth the crown,

He with my crown shall my kingdom win,"—

Unequal the prize yet to tempt me down.

Oh ! never a soul returned to tell

That which the dark gulf hideth well.

Many the brave ship gone to wreck,

Drawn in that fatal tide,

Keel and mast flew shiver'd back,

And nothing escap'd a grave beside.

But, hark ! wheeling nearer and nearer still,

Like the voice of the coming storm, whistling shrill ;

It bubbles and boils, and it hisses and roars,

As when water with fire hath met ;

And flood over flood it plashes and pours,

Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.

Like the sound of thunder its rushings are ;

Like the sound of thunder that's heard afar.

And see ! in the dark tide labouring,

What raises itself awa-ah-white ?

As arm and a neck, fair glistening,—

And see him fall back before human might.

'Tis he ! 'tis he !—and his hand is up,

And he waveth aloft the golden cup !

And he breathed long, and he breathed deep,

And he hailed the blessed sky :

All hearts for him with rejoicing leap,

All voices are greeting him with outcry ;

Saying, " He lives !—he hath conquered death !—

He hath escaped from the howling hell beneath !"

He comes ; glad numbers his way prepare ;

At the feet of the king he falls ;

Kneeling, presenteth the goblet there,

And the king to his lovely daughter calls,

Who chargeth the cup to its golden mouth.

Then thus to the king that noble youth :—

" Long life to the king !—rejoice who dwell

In the rosy light above !

But, oh ! beneath—it is terrible ;

And the gods have secrets men must not prove.

What they graciously screen with terror and night—

Oh ! never of that desire a sight.

" Like a flash from heaven was my downward course,

Till met by the counter tide,

Rushing enormous from its vast source,

Far in a cleft rock's aching side.

There, as a top, all helplessly,

I spun in the folds of a double sea.

" To God in my highest need I cried ;

And straight was seen where hang

In the mid ocean reaching wide

A coral reef ;—thence I clung.

And embodied there, lo ! the goblet lay,

That else had plung'd, and plung'd, for aye.

" For below—all round—the mountainous deep,

Lay stretch'd in purple night ;

To the ear no sound—eternal sleep—

But to the shock'd eye many a sight :—
Salamanders, and serpents, and dragons fell,
Bestir'd themselves in the jaws of hell.

" Darkly did crawl, and obscenely twine

Each fish without a grace ;

Armed roach, and the haberdine,

And foul Zygonia's horrid face.

And that grim sea-wolf, the prowling shark—

Prowl'd with his bar'd tusks through the dark."

" And my thoughts were of human things as I hung

In the depths of the ocean drear,

The only warm-feeling breast among

Spectres, and monsters, and shapes of fear.

I thought of the light and the air above,

And of human voices, and human love.

" Just then, lo ! I turned, and I saw a beast

Urging a hundred joints :

Instant, with frantic dread oppress'd,

Have I quitted my hold on the coral points !

Instant am borne by the torrent away !

But, oh ! 'tis to life and the warm, warm day."

The king he heard, and much wondered he,

And, " The goblet is thine," he said ;

And now, behold, I bequeath to thee,

With costliest jewels fair bespread,

This ring, if again thou'lt the ocean range,

And bring me report yet of sights more strange."

But the daughter wept, for her heart was sore,

And thus she her pain declared :

" Oh, father ! this terrible sport give o'er,

The youth he hath done what none other dared ;

And if in your breast such a passion raves,

"Twere but fair that the knights now shame the

knaves."

There seized he the goblet—that king severe—

And into the gulf flung straight ;

" Place me once more but that goblet here,

And in all my court shall be none so great ;

And thou shalt embrace for thy wife, I vow,

Her that would plead for thee even now."

Then a heavenly strength seized all the soul

Of that youth, and his eyes made dart

Heroical fire ; a glance he stole—

Saw the dear love of that tender heart,

Her pallid cheek, and her falling breath—

Saw it—and plung'd for life or death.

Still heard is the torrent, still pours the black tide,

And its coming in thunder is told ;

And the eye of sweet love looketh far and wide,

And the waters are rushing a hundred fold,

And over and over they plash and pour ;

But the youth—he returneth never more.

Fraser's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RICHARDSON, THE SHOWMAN.—BY THE AUTHOR OF FISHER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

(*Abridged from Bentley's Miscellany, No. 2.*)

" THE Showman,"—for so was this eminent individual designated by the world at large, and so upon memorable occasions he called himself,—was, it will be felt, a title of high distinction. When we look around us, and see how many men are playing showmen, and how miserably they succeed, we shall at once be convinced that nothing but very superior merit could have won for Richardson the glory of the definite " the." He was not showing off himself, but others : he was not showing off his own follies, but the follies of society. Thus, instead of being a laughing-

• For fishy horrors, the curious reader is requested to look at the incomparable catalogue raisonné of Spenser, in the *Fairy Queen*, book 2, canto xii., v. 22, of seq.

stock, he laughed in his own sleeve; and by keeping a fool instead of making a fool of himself, he eschewed poverty, and ultimately died in the odour and sanctity of wealth.

Richardson originated at Great Marlow, in the county of Bucks; the very name of the place seemed to intimate that he was born to achieve greatness. Whether he was lineally descended from the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* is, and will long continue to be, a disputed fact. There was a family resemblance between them; both were country gentlemen, and both wore top-boots.

For breeding, Mr. Richardson was indebted to the parish workhouse,—fair promise of his future industry. When big enough, he acquitted himself with reputation in the employment of out of door activity; for he never resembled the lazy fellow reduced by idleness to want, who said in excuse, "When they bid me go to the ant to learn wisdom, I am almost always going to my uncle's."

From Marlow, after due probation, young Richardson, it is stated, sought his fortunes in the metropolis, and entered into the service of Mr. Rhodes, a huge cow-keeper—a colossus in the milky way. Here it is probable he acquired a taste for pastorals, and that extraordinary proficiency in the Welsh language which rendered his dialogues in after-times so strikingly rich and Celto-Doric. Some etymologists thence infer that it was *Pick't*; but we don't believe it.

We never read the life of an actor or actress without being told, about the period of Richardson's career at which we have now arrived, that the "ruling passion" took such strong possession of them, that they must break all bounds, run away, and join some strolling company, to "imp their wings," or some flight of that sort. So it happened with our hero: he cut the cows, and hastened to adhere to Mrs. Penley, then performing with unprecedented success in a club-room at Shadwell, a small town in the vicinity of Wapping. The houses were crowded; receipts to the full amount of five shillings nightly crowned their efforts, and the corps, consisting of two gentlemen and two ladies, divided the five among four, playing as it were all fours in a five court. Encouraged by this success, Richardson resolved to extend his fame, and accordingly visited many parts of the provinces, starting it from the Shadwell boards. Mighty as must have been his deserts, he met with no Bath manager, no Tate Wilkinson, no Macready or Kemble, to appreciate his histrionic talents. One night, having accidentally witnessed a representation of the *School for Scandal*, he fancied he could play the little broker; so he returned to London, and took a small shop in that line of business. About the year ninety-six, he was enabled to rent the Harlequin, a public-house near the stage-door of old Drury, and

much frequented by dramatic wights. It was of one of these that Richardson used to tell his most elaborate pun. Being asked if he did anything in the dramatic line, he answered, "I do more or less in it in every way: I do what I can in the first syllable, *draw*, and in the first two syllables, *draws*; in the last two syllables, *attic*, I am to be seen every night; and in the last, *tick—m' eyes*! I wish you knew my exertions."

It was not to be expected that the Harlequin could last long without a change; for not only was the sign contrariwise thereto, but the place itself was a change-house. Our landlord therefore let it; and bought a caravan, engaged a company from among his customers, and opened his first booth at Bartholomew Fair.

Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (Part X.), furnished an excellent view of this fair, full of curious dramatic and other matter. He describes the shows of 1825, among which, *apropos*, Richardson's theatre figures prominently. The outside, he tells us, was above thirty feet in height, and occupied one platform one hundred feet in width. The platform was very elevated, the back of it lined with green baize, and festooned with deeply-fringed crimson curtains, except at two places where the money-takers sat, in roomy projections fitted up like Gothic shrine-work, with columns and pinnacles. There were fifteen hundred variegated illumination-lamps, in chandeliers, lustres, wreaths, and festoons. A band of ten musicians in scarlet dresses, similar to those worn by his Majesty's Beef-eaters, continually played on various instruments; while the performers paraded in their gayest "properties" before the gazing multitude. Audiences rapidly ascended on each performance being over; and, paying their money to the receivers in their Gothic seats, had tickets in return, which, being taken at the doors, admitted them to descend into the "theatre." The performances were the *Wandering Outlaw*, a melodrama, with the death of the villain and appearance of the accusing spirit;—a comic harlequinade, *Harlequin Faustus*;—and concluding with a splendid panorama, painted by the first artists.—Boxes, two shillings; pit, one shilling; and gallery, sixpence.

The theatre held nearly a thousand people, continually emptying and filling, and the performances were got over in about a quarter of an hour! And, though anticipating a little of our personal narrative, we may as well mention here, that occasionally, when the outside platform was crowded with impatient spectators waiting for their turn to be admitted, though the performances had not lasted more than five minutes, Mr. Richardson would send in to inquire if *John Over-y* was there, which was the well-known signal to finish off-hand, strike the gong, turn out

the one audience, and turn in their successors, to see as much of the Outlaw, the Devil, or Doctor Faustus, as time permitted.

Having now brought "*the Showman*" to the management of what he might have designated the National Theatre, with the long established Jonases, Penleys, Jobsons, *et hoc genus omne* as his rivals,—the commencement of a career of half a century's duration,—may we not pause to point towards him the finger of admiration? What are the lessees of Drury Lane or Covent Garden when compared to him? What have they done, or what are they likely to do, for the legitimate drama, when compared to him? He was a manager who paid his performers weekly on the nail; meaning by "the nail" the drum-head. On the Saturday evening, assembling them all, willing and buoyant, around him, he spread the sum total of their salaries upon the drum,—not double base, like the frauds of modern managers,—and then there was a roll-call of the most agreeable description. Sometimes the merry vagabonds would shove one another up against their paymaster; but the worst of his resentment was to detect the *lark*, if he could, and pay him last; or, if sorely annoyed, forget to invite him to the following supper: punishments severe, it must be acknowledged; but still the sufferers had their money to comfort themselves withal, and were not obliged to wait, like the waits in the streets at midnight, till after Christmas for the chance of their hard-earned wages. And he was grateful, too. When marked success attended any performer or performance, a marked requital was sure to follow. The Spotted Boy was a fortune to him, though not all so black as Jim Crow; and his affection grew with his growth. His portrait adorned the Tusculum of the Showman; and, after his death, he could not withdraw the green silk curtain from it without shedding tears. Had that boy lived to be a man, there is no doubt but Richardson would have made him independent of all the dark specks on life's horizon. As it was, he was treated as by a father like a spotless boy, and buried in the catacombs of the race of Richardson.

Next to the Spotted Boy, the performer whom Richardson most boasted of having belonged to his company was Edmund Kean. He, with Mrs. Carey, *quasi* mamma, and Henry, *quasi* brother, were engaged by our spirited manager; and Kean, over his cups, used to brag of having, by tumbling in front of the booth, tumbled hundreds of bumpkins in to the spectacles within. He did Tom Thumb as tiny Booth does now at the St. James's Theatre; and at a later period, viz. 1806, is stated to have played Norval, and Motley in the Castle Spectre, for him at Battersea fair. Another story adds, that he

was called on to recite his Tom-Thumbery before George III. at Windsor; but we will not vouch for the truth of the newspaper anecdote.

From the metropolitan glory of Bartholomew Fair, the transition to the principal fairs of the kingdom was obvious. Mr. Richardson went the whole hog, and, in so doing, had nearly gone to the dogs. At that revolutionary period, neither the fairs nor the affairs of the country were in a wholesome condition. Politics are ever adverse to amusements. Vain was the attempt to beguile the snobbery of their pence; and our poor caravan, like one in the deserts of the Stony Araby, toiled on their weary march with full hearts and empty stomachs. At length it is told, at Cambridge Fair,—well might it be called by its less euphonous name of Stibitch, so badly did the speculation pay,—that Richardson and his clown, Tom Jeffries, of facetious memory, were compelled to take a sort of French leave for London, leaving much of their *matériel* in pawn. Undamped by adversity, they took a fiddler with them; and the merry trio so enamoured the dwellers and wayfarers upon the road, that they not only extracted plentiful supplies for themselves, but were enabled to provide sufficiently for the bodily wants of the main body of the company, who followed at a judicious and respectable distance.

The pressure from without was, however, luckily but of temporary endurance; and Richardson was soon well to do again in the world. Fair succeeded fair, and he succeeded with all. His enterprise was great, and his gains commensurate. He rose by degrees, and at length became the most renowned of dramatic caterers for those classes who are prone to enjoy the unadulterated drama. Why his mere outside-by-play was worth fifty times more than the inside of large houses, to witness such trash as has lately usurped the stage, and pushed Tragedy from her throne, and Comedy from her stool. Of these memorabilia we can call to mind only a few instances; but they speak volumes for the powers of entertaining possessed by our hero.

It was at Peckham one day,—and a day of rain and mud,—when Richardson, stepping from the steps of his booth, as Moncey, the king of the beggars, was shovelling past on his boards, happened to slip and fall. We shall not readily forget the good-humour with which he looked, not up, but level, upon his companion, and sweetly said, "Faith! friend, it seems that neither you nor I can keep our feet."

Mr. R. disliked drunkenness in his troop. "A fellow," he exclaimed to one he was rating for this vice,—"a fellow who gets tipsy every night will never be a rising man in any profession."

In a remote village some accident had destroyed a grotto necessary to the representation of the piece entitled "The Nymphs of the Grotto." What was to be done? There was no machinist within a hundred miles! "Is there not an undertaker?" exclaimed Mr. R.: "he could surely execute a little shell-work!"

In an adjoining booth at Camberwell was exhibited a very old man, whom the placards declared to have reached a *hundred and five years of age*. "Here is a pretty thing to make a show of," observed R. "A wonder, indeed! Why, if my grandfather had not died, he would have been a *hundred and twenty*!"

But why should we dwell on his facetious? Only to point the poignant grief which tells us we shall never hear them more,—shall never look upon his like again!

And how liberal thou wert! Thou wert not a manager to debar from their just privileges thy dramatic brethren, or insult the literary characters who honourably patronised thy honourable endeavours. Thy "Walk up!" was open and generous. When Jack Reeve and a party from the Adelphi visited the splendid booth at Bartholomew Fair, the veteran recognised his brethren of the buskin, and immediately returned to them the money they had paid on entrance, disdaining to pocket the hard-earned fruits of the stage. "You, or any other actor of talent," said the old man, "are quite welcome to visit my theatre free of expense."—"No, no," replied Reeve, "keep it, or (noticing a dissenting shake of the head) give it to the poor."—"If I have made a mistake," retorted John, "and have not done so *already*, give it to them yourself; I will have nothing to do with it, and I am not going to turn parish overcoat."

At length, alas! his days—his fair days—were numbered, and, as the song says, "the good old man must die." As his first, so was his last exhibition at Smithfield; but Smithfield, like the other national theatres, shorn of its splendour, degenerate, and degraded. It seemed as if the last of the fairs: others had been abolished and put down; and this, the topmost of them all, was sinking under the march of intellect, the diffusion of knowledge, and the confusion of reform. Fairs in Britain were ended, and it was not worth Richardson's while to live any longer. He retired, tired and dejected, to his "Woodland Cottage" in Horsemanor-lane; and on the morning of the 14th of November was expected by the Angel of Death. His finale was serene: his life had been strange and varied, but industrious and frugal. The last time we saw him,—and it was to engage him on his last loyal and public patriotic work, namely, to erect the scaffolding for the inauguration of the statue of George III. in

Cockspur-street,—he approached us with a fine cabbage under his arm, which he had been purchasing for dinner. His manners, too, were equally simple and unaffected,—he was the Cincinnatus of his order. He told us of the satisfaction he had given to George IV. by transporting the giraffe in a beautiful caravan to Windsor Park. The caravan was Richardson's world; and he might well have applied to that vehicle the eastern apologue, "the place which changes its occupants as often is not a palace, but a 'caravan'-serai." But we are giving way to sorrow, though "away with melancholy" is our motto. A wide-mouthed musician—we forget whether clarionet or trombone—applied to Richardson at Easter for an engagement at Greenwich fair: "You won't do anything till Christmas," said he: "you must wait, as you are only fit for a Wait: you are one to play from ear to ear."

It is said that Richardson died rich; and indeed the sale of his effects by auction showed that if other persons were men of property, he was a man of properties. Three hundred and thirty-four lots of multitudinous composition were submitted to the hammer; and it was truly a jubilee to see how the Jews did outbid each other. There were Nathan, and Hart, and Clarke, and Levy, besides an inferior and dirtier lot, who got velvets, and silks, and satins, for the old song, "Old clo'!" Though their late owner, in the heyday of his prime, observed, "I have to show my dresses by daylight, and they must be first-rate; anything will do for the large theatres in the night-time, either green-baise, or tin, or dog-skins for ermine;" yet their prices were by no means considerable. Two Lear's dresses, two Dutch, and one Jew's ditto, sold for thirty-five shillings; one spangled Harlequin's dress, one clown's, one magician's, and pantaloons, came to one pound eleven shillings and sixpence; five priests' and a cardinal's dress, and the next lot, six robbers' dresses and a cardinal's dress, went very low; and six satyrs' dresses were absolutely given away. A large scene wagon brought fourteen pounds, and a ditto scene carriage only eight pounds.

Three weeks previously their owner was deposited in the cold churchyard of Great Marlow, in the grave, we are assured, of the Spotted Boy. The funeral, was, at his request, conducted without *Show*; and his nephews and nieces—for he left no family—inherited his worldly wealth, under the executorship of Mr. Cross, the proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Garden and its giraffery.

Many actors who have risen to celebrity began their course with him: Kean, first as an outside and inside tumbling-boy, and afterwards as a leading tragedian, with a salary of five shillings a day; Osberry, Mitchell, Walbourn, and Sanders, A. Slade,

Thwaites, Vaughan, S. Faucit, &c., were introduced to the public under his auspices.

WELL-DRESSED PERSONS.

DANDIES and fops have always been ephemeral productions, and the former are now extinct, or sobered down into gentlemanly, well-dressed men. Within the last ten years, we have had some stars of considerable lustre in each department, but few survive the trial of three summers. Mr. Ball Hughes, or Mr. Hughes Ball, *alias* "Golden Ball," as he was called, may be mentioned first for his taste in dress, appointments, and equipages. The papers rang with his doings, and he succeeded to the seat of fame then lately vacated by the "fortunate youth." Mr. Ball was a man of exceedingly good taste; and in whatever he did, he never lost sight of the appearance and character of a gentleman. Coaching was the rage of the day; and those who saw his well-built, dark, chocolate-coloured coach, with the four white horses, and two neat grooms in brown liveries behind, saw that it was possible for a gentleman to drive four-in-hand without adopting the dress or manners of a stage-coachman. Mr. Ball was a beautiful dresser; his colours were quiet—chiefly black and white; and he was the only man we ever saw that could carry off a white waistcoat in the morning. He was the introducer of the large, black-fringed cravats, which helped to set off this otherwise difficult attire. It is said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet. Mr. Ball was an exception to the rule; for we heard of his valet declaring publicly, at a *salon d'hôte* on the Continent, that he was the handsomest man in the place, *except his master*. Mr. Ball has resided for some years in Paris.

Mr. Haine was a contemporary of Ball Hughes, though immeasurably below him in point of taste. He entered life with all the advantages that fortune could bestow; and, for a time, shared the polite attention of the newspapers. He is now remembered as the owner of a dressing-case that cost £500, and the wearer of a pea-green coat in the spring of 1835, which he threatened to wear brown before the autumn of that year. This gentleman, we believe, resides at Brussels.

Mr. Long Wellesley is also a man of excellent taste, though he rides in kid gloves, which Brummell used to say, a man should be counted for doing. He was one of the best of the "turned-back-wristband" generation; and was rather in the Ball school, substituting a blue frock for a black. His taste in equipages is quite unexceptionable. Mr. Wellesley is also abroad.

Mr. Bailey was a dandy of the butterfly order: he was a patron of bright colours—

light-blue coats, coloured silk cravats, fancy waistcoats—and was a warm supporter of nankeen trousers. To have seen him cattering up and down Rotten Row on a summer evening, on his well-groomed black, perfuming the air as he fanned the flies from the noble creature with the well-scented, cambric handkerchief, and to observe his gauze silk stockings, thin pumps, and silver buckles; or to have seen him lounging with folded arms against the door of the crush-room at the opera, his hair hanging in ringlets over his ears, with a waistcoat of pink or blue satin, embroidered with silver or gold, and all his apparel of the finest, gaudiest, and most expensive texture, a stranger would have set him down as the impersonation of a puppy; and yet he would have been wrong, for Mr. Bailey was a fine, manly fellow, and thrashed all the watchmen in Bond-street single-handed, one night. Still, he was by far the gayest dandy that has been seen about London for years; and when he reached the end of his tether, and the day of reckoning arrived, the tailors' bills for cashmere trousers, and the mercers', for French cambric shirts, excited the astonishment of the humble-minded jurymen who sat in judgment on the charges. The last time we saw him, he was vegetating on the beach at Ostend.

Count D'Orsay has long been raised to the presidency of fashion's court, by general acclamation. He is a beau of established reputation, having arrived in this country with credentials from half the courts in Europe. We remember him in Paris, the star of the opera, with his blooming bride, on their first arrival from Naples. If we recollect right, he used to wear a full dress spit of rich, black velvet, and his equipages and gray horses were at once the envy and the admiration of the Parisians.

We should be doing this great master of the art an injustice, were we to class him as the follower of any school. His changes are so rapid, so numerous, and so complete, that he may be said to be of "all schools, but blindly wed to none." Still, were we to name any particularizing feature, we should say, his was the "shew leg" school. Whether he wears the tight, white buckskins and patent leather Hessian boots, or the more unassuming trousers, there is always an abundant display of the limb that excited the admiration of Mr. "Pencil Willis." We cannot say that we admire the cut of his coats, which are too broad and fan-tailed for our taste. Count Charles de Mornay, who reigned before Count D'Orsay, essayed to bring them into fashion some few years ago, but gained few followers; and we trust the latter may not be more successful. Still, Count D'Orsay is always beautifully dressed, though his ver-

satilily of talent in this line will prevent his leading a fashion, because no one can possibly follow him. We see what he has on to-day, but there is no saying what he may wear on the morrow; so his followers,

"Like the hindmost chariot-wheel are curst,
Still to be near, but never to be first."

Lords Ranelagh, Chesterfield, and Castle-reagh, have each figured on the town, and each tired of the trouble of being very smart. Lord Poltimore has excellent taste both in dress and equipage. Lord Albert Conyngham is a well-dressed man—so is his brother, the Marquess; and Mr. Sutton promises well. Mr. Reynolds, commonly called Beau Reynolds, has as much taste in dress as anybody; and his clothes fit better than most people's. He has all the advantage of height and figure that Bailey possessed, with a soberer taste in his colours. Mr. Charles Jones, brother of the Welsh baronet of that name, is what is regularly called, "well put on."

Mr. Duncombe, M. P. for Finsbury, is one of the best dressed men of the day. He selects and matches his colours admirably. There is a subdued richness about every thing he puts on; all harmonize and are in good keeping. His quondam friend, Lord Edward Thynne, is (or was) extremely correct in his costume; and Mr. Horace Claggett has long been celebrated for his taste in dress, horse, &c.

Lord Jersey is at the head of the sporting school of dressers, and has always had a host of imitators. He is regarded as an authority in all matters relating to dress or appointments; and the Jersey hat and Jersey spur are in equal repute. We believe he introduced the tight-kneed order of trousers. The Duke of Leeds is a very well dressed man; so is the Duke of Dorset, though of the old, top-boot school. Col. Lea and Sir Charles Knightley are equally neat and firm in their support of that costume; nor must we omit to mention "old John Warde," the father of foxhunters, who, like Sir Roger de Coverley, with his doublet, has worn leathers and boots till they have been in and out of fashion, over and over again, and is the last man we know that sports ruffles instead of wristbands. There used to be a breed of swells in the city, great, fat, bluff, tight-dressed fellows; but we think they are all off the *pavé* at present.

Looking at the great change that has taken place within the period we have glanced over, it must, we think, be admitted, that if we have gained in comfort and economy, we have lost in point of beauty, dignity, and elegance of costume. Moreover, the confusion of classes occasioned by the removal of the lines of demarcation in society that dress afforded, is productive of

any thing but convenience, or the maintenance of aristocratic pretension. Formerly, a gentleman was known by his clothes; indeed, by the sumptuary laws, his income was almost defined by his dress: now, the only difference between a gentleman and his valet is, that the valet is frequently the better dressed man of the two. Instead of its being necessary for a man to dress in accordance with his station, a new rule has been introduced, which says that, "when a man's character is established, he may wear an old coat." The meeting of the two gentlemen in the theatre, is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, are you the box-keeper?"—"No," replied the other: "are you?"—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

EDUCATIONAL PRECEPTS.

[From Sir Robert Peel's Address on his Installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.]

The scheme of academical education adopted in the universities of Scotland, modified as it gradually has been, according to the changes in the state of society, and the new demands for knowledge, is admirably adapted to the great ends, for which it is designed. I see in it a scheme in conformity with the suggestion of Lord Bacon, that makes learning subservient to action—that does not at all partake of a professional character—that embraces all distinctions and classes of society—that qualifies those of the highest rank for the public duties they will have to perform—that offers to men engaged in business, and even advanced in life, the opportunity of ascertaining the progressive discoveries of science, and the applicability of those discoveries to their respective circumstances—that offers also to those whose pecuniary means are the most restricted, those benefits of an enlightened education, and the rewards of literary distinction.

Your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much more independent of the accidents and caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control than they appear to be to superficial observers.

Every advance in science has served not to contract the field of inquiry, but to extend it on every side. It has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before imperfectly comprehended, but, at the same time, by the obscure vision of things unknown, of relations and dependencies of which we had no conception, has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge.

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Whatever be the place of your nativity, whatever be the accidents of your birth, the highest distinctions are accessible to all, and no national jealousies remain to obstruct your advancement, or to envy you the possession of them when obtained.

It is not by mere study, by the mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning.

Practise the economy of time; consider time like the faculties of your mind—a precious estate, that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourself to unremitting labour, and sacrifice all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, and the successful result of application, depend in a great measure upon the economy of time. When you have lived fifty years, you will have seen many instances in which the man who finds time for every thing, for punctuality in all the relations of life—for the pleasure of society—for the cultivation of literature, for every rational amusement—is he who is the most assiduous in the active pursuits of his profession.

Estimate also properly the force of habit—exercise a constant, an unremitting vigilance over the acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference, that perhaps are really so, independent of the habits they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by tolerating negligence and procrastination in matters of small account but frequent recurrence, matters of which the world takes no notice, becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance.

Is it possible to consult the works of any man of real eminence, who has left a record of the discipline by which his own mind was trained, without finding abundant proofs that it was not by trusting to the inspirations of genius, but by constant perseverance, and vigilance, and care, that success was obtained? Take as an eminent example of this the account which Cicero gives of his own early education. Mark the intemperance on one object—mark how every occupation, amusement, foreign travel, society, the conversation of the lightest hour, all were made ancillary to the one great purpose of improving the mind, and fitting it for the high functions to which its faculties were to be applied.

The steam-engine and the rail-road are not merely facilitating the transport of merchandise, they are not merely shortening the duration of journeys, or adminis-

tering to the supply of physical wants. They are speeding the intercourse between mind and mind, and they are creating new demands for knowledge. They are fertilizing the intellectual as well as the material waste; they are removing the impediments which obscurity, or remoteness, or poverty, may have heretofore opposed to the emerging of real merit. They are supplying you, in the mere facility of locomotion, with a new motive for classical study. They are enabling you, with comparative ease to enjoy that pure and refined pleasure which makes the past predominate over the present, when we contemplate the localities where the illustrious deeds of ancient times have been performed, and the monuments that are associated with names and actions that never can perish. They are enabling you to taste the intoxicating draught that is described with such noble enthusiasm by Gibbon.—“At the distance of twenty-five years,” said Gibbon, “I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind, as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool or minute investigation.”

Lord Holland thus speaks of Mr. Fox, in the preface to the *History of the Reign of James II.*—“During his retirement, the love of literature and fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an ardour, such as few in the eagerness of youth, or in pursuit of fame or advantage, are capable of feeling. Hence it was that in the interval between his active attendance in Parliament, and the undertaking of his history, he never felt the tedium of a vacant day. It was more difficult to fortify himself against the seductions of his own inclination, which was continually drawing him off from his social researches to critical inquiries, to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry. Abundant proof exists of the effect of these interruptions both on his labours and on his mind. His letters are filled with complaints of such as arose from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Euripides and Virgil.

It too frequently happens that the ready assent which we give to truths of vital importance has not the practical influence on our conduct which it ought to have. If it had, how many of us would have been spared the painful retrospect—that retrospect which you may avert, but which we cannot, of opportunities lost, time mispent,

habits of indolence or negligence become inveterate.

We are a country of old memories; every castle and every field will remind us of the institutions under which we lived, and of the noble deeds achieved by our ancestors.

The Gatherer.

St. Paul's.—The admission-fee was first introduced under the name of *Stairs-foot money*, by Jennings, the carpenter, in 1707; the proceeds being applied to relieve those men who were injured during the progress of the works.—*Churches of London*, No. 2.

Mont Blanc.—Mr. Burford has just completed a panorama of this sublime European wonder. It will, we doubt not, be considered as an elaborate work of art. Meanwhile, its beauties entitle it to a more detailed notice in our next Number.

19 *"According to Cocker."*—In the fifth edition of Edward Cocker's Arithmetic, in three parts: Decimal, Artificial, and Algebraical, 448 pages, printed in 1720, and published by John Hawkins, he says in his address to the reader, dated the 27th of October, 1684, that he published Cocker's *Vulgar Arithmetic* in 1677; from which and the portrait thereto, and the verse underneath, it appears that Cocker was then dead.

In the title-page of the 38th edition of Cocker's (vulgar) Arithmetic, published by John Hawkins also, and printed in 1721, it is said to have been licensed Sep. 3, 1677; the year in which Cocker died, as mentioned in Ferguson's *Biographical Dictionary*.

H. B. E.

Literature and Art.—Bent's List of New Books and Engravings for 1836, with their sizes and prices, exhibits a decrease of new publications last year, the number of books amounting to 1,250, (1,500 volumes,) exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 150 less than in 1835. The number of engravings is 98, (including 40 portraits,) 17 of which are engraved in the line manner, 66 in mezzotint, and 15 in chalk, aquatints, &c.

On the French flight from Moscow, some one said, that the French would be very lucky dogs to escape, with Platoff and his Cossacks after them. "Much luckier dogs they would be," observed Bannister, "to escape in their old style, with the plate-off before them."

Fishing.—Grignoli, the son of a fisherman; a priest in a rich abbey in Florence, had a net spread every day on the table of his apartment, to put him, as he said, in mind of his origin. The abbot dying, this dissipated humility procured Grignoli to be chosen his successor; and the net was used no more. A friend who came to see him the

day afterwards, on entering his apartment, said, "Where is the net?"—"There is no further occasion for the net," replied Grignoli, "when the fish is caught."—W. G. C.

Hearing.—The late Mrs. Billington was remarkable for acute hearing. It is said that she could hear not only the insects in the hedges, but also the smallest flies in a room, the quickness of her hearing amounting sometimes to a painful sensation.—*Curtis on the Physiology and Pathology of the Ear*.

Ancient Irish Harp.—The following description of the harp of Brian Boromh, is extracted from the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*:—"This harp is thirty-two inches high, and of superior workmanship. The sounding-board is of oak, and the arms of red sally: the extremity of the uppermost arm in front is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver. The buttons or ornamental knobs at the sides of that arm, are of silver. On the front arm are the arms of the O'Brian family chased in silver; namely, the bloody hand, supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf dogs cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding-board, where the strings entered, are ornamented with scutcheons of brass, carved and gilt: the larger sounding-holes were probably ornamented with silver, as they have been extracted. This harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts to which it was joined, are very much decayed."

W. G. C.

Moral Negation.—Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourack for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sabbath morning; deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the *Rothery* Mail-steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony rate."—"But what's the difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed over with oars, and by the paddles of the steamer?"—"Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us; inither words, gin ye wad ha us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!"—*Laird of Logan*.

Erratum at p. 80.—For "is 15 ft. (French) in diameter," read "was 50 ft." &c.

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